

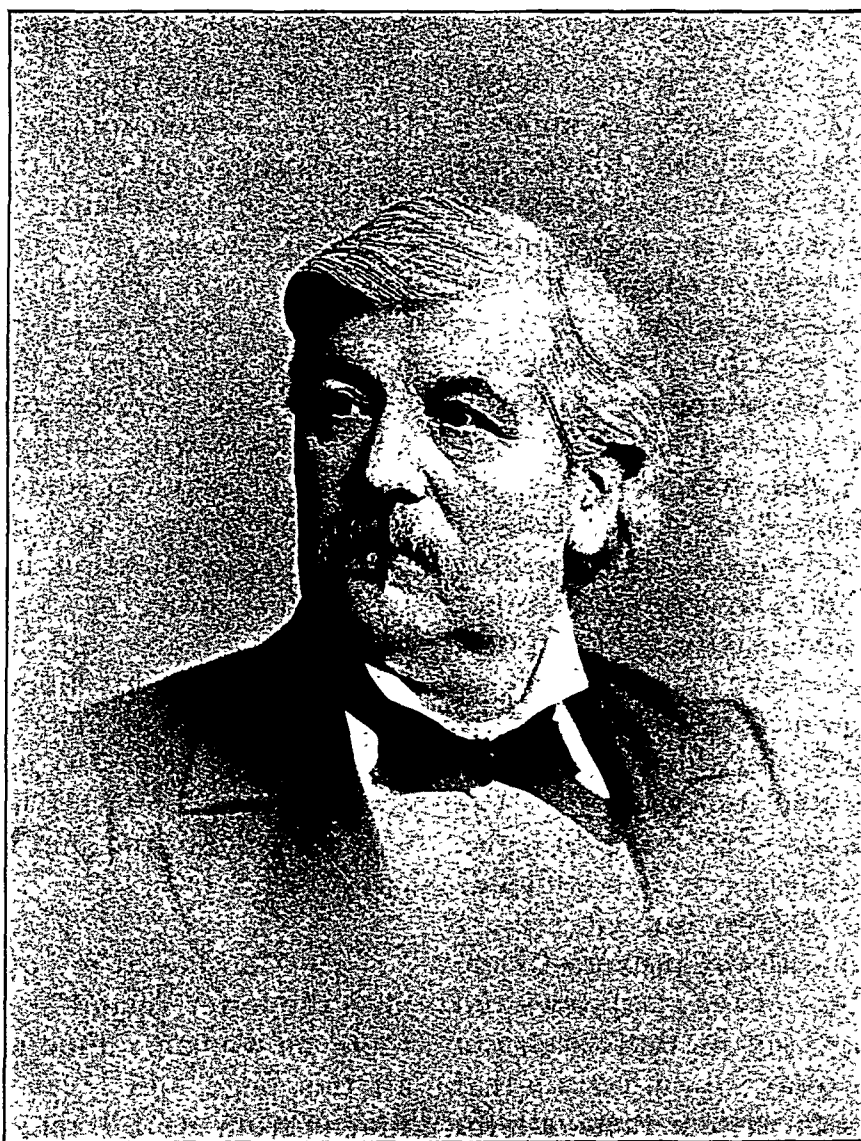
THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

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To Gregori.

LIKE spring-touched petals, so thy years unfold,
And show a golden heart replete with zeal
Illuming all thy work; as sunbeams steal
Along the valley glade, or fall athwart the bold,
Grey hills at vesper hour. The walls that hold
Thy thoughts in light and shadow, all reveal
A soul with love incarnadined. We feel
That there in art thy life is grandly told.

As rugged bluffs that stand against the sea
At eventide, aglow with pointed light,
Unmoved by blast of storm, or ceaseless wave,
Was thine unshaken faith; and steadily
The fires of hope out-burned the gloom of night
To light thy pathway out beyond the grave.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.

Torn from My Note-Book.

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.

LIKE the inhabitants of the ancient city, who were tormented by a dragon that departed not until they had delivered up to him as sacrifice the fairest of the city's virgins, I am tortured by my friend the editor. Implacable as fate he comes at stated periods to lay waste my den, nor is he pacified unless he bear away with him the fairest daughters of my brain. These in the seclusion of his sanctum he tears and mangles until at last they go to feed the presses clicking constantly over behind the kitchens.

Tonight I know my dragon will come again, and I must have a victim ready to appease his wrath. And yet my fancy has played me traitor and will not do its office. I have left now no more creations of the past, and I know not how to find the sacrificial offering. I have been sitting thinking for many minutes, and the method I have taken to assist my thought has made my hair stand out as bushy almost as the Circassian girl's. I hear the step of my dragon now, and—yes, there is his scratching on the door,—I must put him off awhile. Here's for it, then, with my sweetest accent: "Yes, I will have my copy in another hour," I say, and he nods, smiles and is gone.

Really I ought not to have put off my task thus long; but, though procrastination is the thief of time, she is, despite this little failing, a friend most agreeable to entertain. The trouble is she never knows just when to leave, and stays until she has worn her welcome threadbare and must be forcibly ejected. I wonder, in connection with the proverb I have cited, who was the author of the many saws and sayings that are daily used by those who can find nothing original to say? I am certain that no one man could have written them all, for they involve so many contradictions that, if they all came from one hand, that hand must have been a woman's. The ape objected to the man who blew both hot and cold, yet proverbial wisdom in one breath tells us to strike the heated iron, and in another counsels the use of second thoughts. The great age of the proverbs—for none has ever been exactly traced to its first author—coupled to this fact of their inconsistency, leads me to believe that either Eve occupied herself in writing them, or

else Noah's lady started the world afresh with these bits of foolish wisdom as its guide. But this is not soothing my dragon, and his pacification must be accomplished. Heavens! I have dipped my pen into my glue pot by mistake, but the ill-wind has blown me benefit, for I have drawn forth an inspiration. The glue pot and shears have served many another well before; they shall assist me in my labor. Here is my note-book, on whose pages I have jotted down my thoughts as they have struck me—and also the thoughts of others. I will tear the pages forth at random and paste and cobble them together till I have made a meal to stay my dragon's appetite. Mayhap I have employed some of the thoughts before, certainly I shall use them after to make for my dragon another meal. But they will be rounded out and polished then, so that he shall not see the old skeleton for the charming new flesh that adorns it. Here is the first page torn out; let us paste it carefully:

Those who say that marriage is a lottery are usually people who have themselves drawn blanks. Marriage is a lottery to him only who has made of it first a business. All business contains more or less of chance, and when a man seeks a wife simply because he wishes a partner, or mayhap some one to support him in a state of ease, and not from the force of true, genuine affection, he is almost as apt to fail in his choice as to succeed. I once wondered how a man could barter against any sum of gold himself, his liberty and all the other attributes of his unvalued soul. Now the question is all clear to me, for he who is base enough to sell himself has not a soul that is worth an iota of the sum which trusting woman pays for it.

* *

That is a blow at my own sex, so I will turn unto the letter W and see what I have written there on woman. Fine writing closely covers all this page, and I can therefore cull a sentiment from it, if I am so minded. But these scraps are to be plucked at random, so I make a snip of my shears without close observation and this is what I get:

Inconstancy may or may not be an attribute of woman, but inconsistency is certainly one of her failings. I have seen women who could not go a twelvemonth without losing several purses, wonder whence their sons derived their carelessness, and true viragoes who would marvel that their husbands preferred a quiet clubhouse to a noisy home. Their memories, too,

are remarkably convenient, for they consider it nothing to remember for months just how a friend was dressed, or all the cross, mean things one may have said; yet it is for them a task wellnigh impossible to recall the previous sums of money they have spent when they are seeking more.

I know the women will all say that I am "mean and horrid," to give forth such a sentiment, but there is a grain of truth, at least, concealed in what I say. Then remember I did not choose the bit from malice, but only by accident or chance. Here are the next two pages that I found; I give them without comment:

If heaven were what some people figure it to be, a Bowery music-hall would be its counterpart. He who has a material conception of bliss eternal and looks for streets of gold and noble mansions has not a soul that would appreciate heaven properly if it should chance to enter. Yet it is strange to note how many are the misconceptions. Scores of men whose souls can not appreciate true music, but who disguise their shallowness by drinking in with eagerness the poorest melodies, imagine that heaven will be filled with music in which they will know how to take a part. The spacious mansions have their charms for negroes, and I am sure that the purple and fine linen form one of the dearest attractions of Paradise to our fair sisters in the Lord.

The press has raised a hue and cry against vivisection, and for my part I do not see the reason of the tumult. Man is the lord of creation (perhaps he rules his kingdom badly, but no matter); and what is the pain of a thousand unreasoning brutes, if their "torture" adds many years to the life of a human being with an immortal soul! Yet there is one vivisectionist I would condemn, and he is the man who notes down the pulsings of his heart from day to day. Call his work diary or journal as you will—the name is nothing; but I think this act of self-analysis is simply diabolical. It leads not to self-knowledge, for the journal is seldom written to be read. Even were it so written, I would never commend the practice; for if the past is rosy-hued it can be well recalled; if gloomy, we should let the dead past bury its dead.

Here is another sentiment for the women. I am speaking much of them, but I vow that the note-book opened of itself upon their page:

The good, the true and the beautiful may be knit together closely in philosophy, but my experience has shown me that in womankind the true is seldom beautiful, the beautiful more seldom true. Indeed, though woman does love deeply when she loves, she makes many experiments before she discovers whether what she feels is love or merely preference. For these experiments the men must suffer; for they are the dummy figures on whom woman tests her affections. She who does not imagine herself in love a thousand times before she really begins to love indeed, is a creature rare as the fabled phoenix. In truth, as Thackeray, I think, remarks, women begin to feel in fancy the fires of love as soon as they are out of swaddling clothes and are rejoicing in short skirts.

The page of G's has furnished this for all alike, both men and women:

Gratitude may be a valuable virtue, but I think it can be a fault as well. He who considers himself bound to do all things for some persons because they have served him often, deprives himself of all the pleasure their favors may have given him. If I thought that every time I did a friend a favor I made him feel uneasy by the obligation of return, I would do services only to my enemies. I feel myself bound to grant my favors to my friends in proportion only to my love, and I expect return in the same measure. I do not wish to feel that each kindness I do to those I love should be offset by a service they returned. The man who dares to recall a favor he has granted you as an argument to obtain a boon, is more than thrice a brute. I know I always distrust a man who tries to make his favors a demand for a return, for he acts not from love but through interest. I would much rather die than be saved from death by some one who would remind me often of his service: it would look as though he saved me but to labor in his behalf.

Here is another *pour les dames*, but it is not slander this time:

Those who say that women have no idea of time have doubtless never kept a woman waiting. Women are, on the whole, made of much the same metal as men, although they are cast in a mould more slight and slender. The feelings of both sexes are alike, and the only difference lies in the way they show themselves. Man has been schooled from boyhood to control, and he can bury his sorrow deeper

and hide his skeleton more thoroughly than woman can. But his grief is none the milder, his skeleton no less frightful, because of the weight he has piled over it; and when chance brings the feelings again to light they are all the stronger because they have so long lain dormant. Woman, though, allows her feelings to run like a flood, especially in love, and thus she always gets the sympathy and pity of the world. Man dies very seldom of a broken heart, as does a woman, not that he does not feel, but because he can bear the blow which would crush the frailer and more tender woman.

* * *

To the fond mothers now I recommend this sentiment. Would it were followed just a little:

The English language, so all foreigners aver, is of all civilized speech the most difficult to learn. It is a wonder to me, therefore, that women will not go about the matter rationally when they teach a child to talk. For my part, although I claim some knowledge of our English tongue, I never could understand completely the gibberish that women babble to their babes. It is English, but English so distorted that the child who learns to speak it will have to unlearn all he knows before his speech will be intelligible. Many a child would have learned to speak clearly long before he did, had he been unhampered by his knowledge of barbaric baby talk. A child is a reasoning animal, perhaps with reason sadly undeveloped, and his intelligence will only grow the slower if he be treated as an animated doll.

* * *

I have almost enough to feed my dragon, and one more foray on my note-book will complete his meal. Here is the last. May my readers look with indulgence on my patch-work, because it was made in haste;

A man who will admire a picture for its frame will buy books for their binding, and wed a woman for her face. I like to see a man who has the courage of his convictions, and will admit a lack of taste in things artistic; but such men should keep away from picture galleries, and not force their lack of appreciation on those who have a love for art. It is one thing to acknowledge an opinion, but quite a different matter to cast it into the face of an audience that disagrees with you, especially when that audience is all the world. You may be true, but do not seek to be the messiah of your belief. The world may notice you enough to crush you utterly—that is the most that it will do.

Varsity Verse.

TO THE FLOWER OF THE DINGLE.

IN the forest dank and wet,
Wilt thou live, my violet?
Peeping through the sodden leaves,
Where the forest spider weaves
Its fragile silken net?

Why not grow as daises do,
Underneath the skies of blue,
Waving, drifting in the sun,
Sleeping, when the day is done,
On beds of beaded dew?

Fearest thou some heedless clod,
There might crush thee to the sod,
Ere thy little life is o'er,—
Lest thy death should come before
'Tis time to droop and nod?

Fearest thou the burning heat
Shrivel up thy petals, sweet,
Steal the drink the earth would give
That thy dainty self may live
With happiness replete?

Doth thy kindness bid thee stay
In the forest gloom away,
Giving life where all seems death,
Breathing out thy fragrant breath,
And making sad nooks gay?

E. J. M.

A LEAF OF CYNICISM.

Weary, weary, weary me!
Life is little dreaming,
Toil and pain is all I see,
While pleasure is the seeming.

Play from work is never free,
Love's with trouble teeming.
Weary, weary, weary me!
Life is little dreaming.

L. P. D.

LONGINGS.

I wish, I wish,—I know not what;
To wish, I trow, is mortal's lot.
I wish not love, I wish not gold,
I wish not wisdom manifold.

And life and death,—the way of all,
We can but let these shadows fall.
The love of God, and peace with men,
These gained, I will not wish again.

A. L. M.

WINTER REVERY.

Dreamily, dreamily sighing for spring,
Here at the first fall of snow;
Wishing for warmth that the spring days bring,—
And the day's not cold, I know.
Dreaming of sunsets in clear April skies,
Such is the cause of those heartfelt sighs.

A. L. M.

Rosalind and the Others.

JOSEPH V. SULLIVAN, '97.

Utopia, the creation of Sir Thomas More, and the forest of Arden, the creation of Shakspeare! These are the ideal countries, and the latter, just as truly as the former, is "the land of perfect happiness." Shakspeare in writing a comedy could have found no spot more suited to the general dispositions of his characters than that locality in which he placed the principal scenes of "As You Like It." The play is among the very best of its kind, and so light and fantastic is every event that the piece itself is most enjoyed if read on a summer day, while its spirit is especially catching when the comedy is performed in the open air. The whole play, indeed, is romantically poetic, and must be studied with the mind of the lyrist rather than with the mind of the dramatist. Everything in it is so ethereal as to remind one of a magician's city wrought of cloud and mist. Coleridge expressed this idea when, in praising the pastoral beauty and simplicity of "As You Like It," he declared that Shakspeare "usually touches upon the larger features and broader characteristics, leaving the fillings up to the imagination."

This comedy is so free from plot and situation that the whole interest centres upon the characters. We look on in wonder as the peculiar traits of each person are presented, and we can not but admire the delicate skill with which contrast and incident are employed to give distinguishing marks to the individuals. Rosalind, for instance, is the embodiment of the free child of nature. Not so practical or self-possessed as Portia, not so deeply love smitten as Juliet, Rosalind is, nevertheless, a more pleasing character than either; her nature is more exuberant than that of any other Shaksperian creation, and her mischevious disposition is continually manifesting itself. Besides this charming jollity of Rosalind, however, there is a sensitive, womanly heart that beats within her manly doublet. From her first meeting with Orlando there arises a love many fathoms deep,—a love that can not be sounded. The son of Sir Roland had tripped up the wrestler's heels and her heart, both in an instant. When, later on, they meet in the forest, Orlando does not recognize the lady who gave him the chain, but she knows him. After making him confess that he loves Rosalind she proceeds to tease him, though her heart can scarcely continue

the deception; she has a mock marriage with Orlando, and makes Celia pronounce the solemn words. At last, when Orlando declares that he can "live no longer by thinking," she says that she will not weary him, then, with idle talking and, finally, reveals herself to him. The end is a happy consummation of the love of these two souls whom "no cross shall part."

Celia, the daughter of the usurper, is another picture of true womanhood. All her virtues are parallel with those of Rosalind, so that the affinity of their natures draws these two women into lasting friendship. Celia almost worships Rosalind; her affection is heartfelt and self-sacrificing, and she can not bear to part with the companion of her childhood. She and Rosalind are affectionate playmates, "whose loves are dearer than the natural bond of sisters." When Duke Frederick pronounces the sentence of banishment against his niece, Celia cries out that she can not live without her friend, and at once decides to give up her father's home rather than be separated from Rosalind. The daughter of Frederick, though not so merry as her cousin, is gentle and pure; she has not been contaminated by the vices of the court, and her general disposition makes her a fit associate for Rosalind.

The main strength of "As You Like It" seems to consist in the contrast of characters as well as in incident, and nowhere is this quality more pleasantly manifested than in the natures of Orlando and Rosalind. The latter bubbles over with mirth, while the son of Sir Roland is very sedate and, at times, almost gloomy. The wrongs done to Orlando by his brother have tended much to sour his temper, and when he falls in love with Rosalind and sees no way of satisfying his affection, a morose spirit takes possession of him. He is steeped in the madness of love, and hangs verses on the trees of the forest; "neither rhyme nor reason" can express his attachment to the exiled duke's daughter, and when she, disguised, trifles with him he takes all her actions seriously. The people respect him because, as his old servant Adam says, he is gentle, strong and valiant. Even his elder brother is forced to admire him; this brother, Oliver, confesses to himself that "he's gentle, never school'd and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised."

The younger son of Sir Roland, de Bois is

somewhat gloomy, but not of the same disposition as the melancholy Jaques. The latter had seen all the pleasures of the world and tasted of every vice, and, as a result, he is now the most pessimistic of mortals; yet he seems happy, and loves his sadness "better than laughing." He is not a professional fool, as Touchstone is; but, being naturally of a reflective mood, he continues to indulge in queer freaks of fancy; he sees life darkly as through a glass, and while railing against lady Fortune he affords amusement for himself and interest for the others. Poor old Jaques does not try to make others sad, but loves to rest in quiet nooks where he may be alone and muse without annoyance. He is kind-hearted, too, and has won the favor of all by his odd character. The exiled duke says that he loves "to cope him in these sullen fits, for then he's full of matter." There is, indeed, much philosophy in him as is evinced by his dissertation on the seven ages of man. His nature is more like that of the world-despising hermit; and when at last he betakes himself "to put on a religious life" we feel that he has found his proper earthly resting-place, away from the cares of this busy world.

In the forest of Arden, Shakspeare has also placed the faithful Touchstone, who is in reality the clown by profession. This worthy wearer of the coxcomb and the jingling cap is by no means an insignificant person in the play, for his true fidelity and disregard of self make him an important factor in the various scenes of the comedy. The melancholy Jaques envies him his prestige at court and in the forest, and he fain would have for himself the privileges of the professional fool.

"O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear," says he to the duke. Jaques recognizes in Touchstone something more sincere and unselfish than anything he himself possesses, and he longs for the ability to act such a part himself. The friendship between the two keen-witted men is of a peculiar nature, and Jaques is continually manifesting his enthusiasm at having discovered such a counterpart to himself. He would have everybody cherish this motley fool; and he says to the duke: "Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool." These two clowns, indeed, complete each other, and we understand each of them best when they are conversing together. Jaques has a melancholy of his own, "compounded of many simples, extracted from many

objects"; he is unique in his every action, while Touchstone is the genuine old Shaksperian clown with whom we have become so familiar.

Of the remaining characters in "As You Like It," none is more cleverly sketched than the old Duke who has been deprived of his power and forced into exile by his own brother. His greatness of mind and amiable disposition make him worthy of all respect, for even in his banishment he never grudges Frederick the throne. He is happier in the free, roving life at Arden, and keeps up the spirits of all by his jovial good nature. He rejoices in the silent depths of the forest, and, "under the shade of melancholy boughs," is pleased to "lose and neglect the creeping hours of time." There he passes the time with his friends, and

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Indeed, all the characters are well adapted to the light spirit of the play, and we feel that they would not be content amid the turmoil and struggles of everyday life. Even old Adam, though he might be totally disregarded in any other drama, is here so well suited to the romantic tenor of the piece that we do not pass him by without further consideration. His touching fidelity to his young master is a noble trait, and Orlando tells him he is "not for the fashion of these times, where none will sweat but for promotion." And the kind-hearted Adam replies:

"Yet fortune can not recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor."

In this charming comedy we find even the title of the play always in full accordance with character and event. Throughout the entire piece a poetic view of life is manifest, while the rustic beauty of everything gives to the work the essence of the pastoral. The madrigals, interspersed freely through every act, add greatly to the fascination of the drama. The name, "As You Like It," has rightly been referred by Schlegel to the relation between the play and the public. There is no element of intrigue, no special plot, and very few incidents interesting in themselves, and yet the *dénouement* is brought out so unexpectedly by those same indefinite forces that we must admire every point in the comedy. We delight in watching these "fantastical knaves" who "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world," and who see "no enemy but winter and rough weather." All, indeed, act just as we would have them act, and in the end everything turns out just as we like it.

The Transfiguration of Love.

FRANK EARLE HERING (*Belles Lettres*).*A Pastel.*

The willows drooped with the weight of the moonlight.

Vagrant drops trickled down the sides of the moss-grown watering trough. A willow-leaf drifted on the water's surface.

Hand in hand they walked silently.

The pink petals of the peach-tree, white in the moon-flood, sank downward whirling noiselessly upon the air. The faint breath of the lilacs perfumed the night.

Silence was on the meadows, broken by the occasional tinkle of a bell buried in the soft fleece of a grazing ewe.

Timidly she raised her eyes, but let them fall again, for he was looking at her wistfully.

The chestnut tree in the wheat-field cast its silhouette upon the pale grain. A whip-poor-will floated through the night intoning as it went.

A thin wisp of brown cloud was drawn above the moon like a veil flung back from the chaste face of a nun. From the motionless grass came the multitudinous chirp of crickets.

Hand in hand they walked silently.

On the old bridge they stopped and peered into the creek, gurgling and splashing over roots and stones.

"Can you love me?" he asked softly.

Involuntarily she raised her eyes for a fleeting glance at the deformity which birth had given him.

He understood. Gently he drew her hand to his. She trembled in the presence of a power greater than words—than thought.

He spoke: "When God sent my soul to earth He showed to me in vision my soul's soul.

The face was yours. But you bore on your back a burden such as I now bear.

Straightway I pleaded that He would give to me the burden meant for you. God heard my prayer and I came down to earth."

Hand in hand they went silently, happily.

Far, far off, out of which the moon rises, a white mountain peak upreared its head.

The moon shone through the trellised vines of the wild grape and latticed shadows danced on the waters.

They went onward forever toward the shimmering of the mountain.

Thoughts on Music.

JESSE WILLIAM LANTRY, '97.

Music is a language that conveys to its intelligent hearers the very thoughts and feelings of the composer. Many have denied that it can express ideas, and claim that it only gives impressions by playing upon our senses, and that its sole aim is the pleasure of its hearers. Here I distinguish; we know that all barbarous peoples have national songs which are simple to the extreme, but which satisfy their crude tastes. In more civilized nations this music sounds vulgar; it is not advanced enough for us to appreciate. We crave for better harmony, and consequently our music is more refined. Why is this? Because we are able to see the beauties and connection in the works of the great artists, we derive benefit from listening to them; in fact, the very feelings of the composers are infused into us, whether consciously or unconsciously, so that we delight

in almost dwelling with music. We shall develop this more fully further on.

Music is a language. It speaks to our inmost soul; it expresses a thousand feelings that speech is too feeble to convey. It begins where speech leaves off, and tends to complete in us a thorough description of all that it was intended to picture. The most common example given to show the effect of tone is its effect on animals. When the master calls his dog, it does not understand the words, but it knows from the manner in which it is addressed whether correction or caress is meant. In poetry the music tends towards the more complete expression of the ideal; it goes hand in hand with the words, lending its assistance where the words are too weak, and becoming secondary, while speech portrays the more material parts. But music, as a language, to

be understood must be studied. We can not attain any idea of what a foreigner is saying if we do not know his tongue; so also in music, if we do not know its principles we are entirely at a loss to find the beauties that lie hidden in its hallowed depths. To understand the problems in astronomy we must know its laws; to develop theories in any science we must have a knowledge of its elements; and in music there must be a high cultivation in order to derive from it what it offers to us.

When we hear music, real music, we hear it just as the nephew of Coleridge heard his uncle when conversing—"he soars up and floats in a higher atmosphere, almost too rare to breathe, but which seemed proper to *him*,"—so we are carried away by its wonderful powers and are elevated out of this world to traverse with music regions that are far beyond this life of care. Mr. Dwight made a very good comparison of our association with music. He says that it is like entering a church and seeing the far-off, pale, spiritual-looking preacher, but in vain do you seek to catch his words; yet, even if you do not hear them you hear *him* and feel his power over your soul. Of that sort is the eloquence, the influence of music.

We learn to appreciate music. At first we admire airs of the simplest nature, but as we gradually grow in musical knowledge we begin to perceive the beauty that it contains and we become competent of really enjoying it. From this it seems that the great composers lived long before man was prepared for them; but if such men had not given us true music to elevate and guide us, we should likewise be in darkness and out of its reach. The musicians of previous ages were looked upon by many of their contemporaries as ignorant, useless men who were apart from the rest of mankind. Have we any reason to censure these artists for remaining aloof? There were few to whom they could communicate their ideas, few who could appreciate what was done for them, and consequently these masters left their works to be praised by posterity. Like the Greek artist they were painting for immortality, and succeeded. We often hear the objection that men who devote themselves to music are careless, shiftless, and unable to battle in practical life. This may be true, but not of musicians alone; look at artists, sculptors, poets—do they not live in a higher sphere, and do we not admire the grand productions of their skill? Each kind of artists forms a class, and if they can not find sympathy in the world they retire to

dwell in the realms and companionship of their respective ideals.

Although music conveys feelings it does something more; it expresses more than sentiment, and from the various combinations used certain thoughts are expressed, more or less definite, but still giving an idea of what is meant. The meanings given to chords and to the connection these chords have with others, portray different passions and describe different movements. Thus the major third is used in interrogations and appeals, the minor and major fifths in prayer and desire, the sixth wherever love is declared, and so on. If one knows the science of music one can discover the ideas of the composer; although they may be somewhat vague, nevertheless a kind of feeling closely akin to his is awakened in the hearers.

It has been said that music gives us what we bring to it. But the question now arises: Does not music give us more than what we expect from it? I think it does; because if a person knows the title of a selection and hears it, he is almost forced to picture scenes that the artist wished to show. Of course, I admit that music is not able to expound a theory in ethics, to paint any view accurately, or to narrate successive events; but I do claim that certain strains excite us in the same manner as passages of the descriptions of things portrayed, and consequently we naturally associate the two ideas and *understand* music. Many enthusiastic admirers have gone too far in considering this property, and have written much that is untrue. This is detrimental to the art and a harm to those who are anxious to obtain knowledge concerning its powers. It conveys ideas, but only what is technically known as musical ideas.

Will the musicians, that we esteem so highly, live forever in all the works that they have produced and be regarded by succeeding generations with as much favor as they are by us? Yes; just as much as we admire Dante, Shakspeare and Goethe in literature, Raphael and Michael Angelo in art, so shall Beethoven Glück, Verdi, Haydn and Wagner be remembered in music. Their works will be even more appreciated in the future, for thousands of beauties await the ear of proficient musicians and are exhaled from the instrument, to be detected concealing the most perfect art. Other composers may arise, but their productions are like those of many modern literary men,—excellent in style, clever in expression, but wanting in deep, sound thought and feeling.

We have a very indistinct idea of what ancient music was; but from the writings of authors we conclude that in olden times they cultivated music more for pleasure than for the art itself. We have records of Daniel playing before King Saul, of Sophocles accompanying his "Thamyris" on the cithara, of Æschylus making music for his own tragedies, and in many other places we find reference to skilled musicians. We can only infer what their music was like from indirect methods; for instance, the rise and fall of the voice, the passions of the hero, and the movement of the lines of verse that were sung to its accompaniment. They had no musical notation but what was very imperfect, and consequently we can not, in any way, tell what they knew of the science of music. It never was very profound, but rather light and pleasing to its hearers, probably more acute and rapid in moments of passion, yet always addressing the ear more than the mind. Music was first written during the time of Gregory the Great and not before, for in the writings of St. Isidore we find: "Unless sounds are retained in the memory, they perish, because they can not be written." If there was a musical notation previous to the seventh century it was not generally known.

Music moves our hearts, influences our will, overcomes passion; yet I hardly think we can compare its effects with those of oratory, to which the same properties are applied, for the reason that they deal with different natures. Some men would be more apt to obey the emotions excited by music, while on the other hand even more may obey the orator. But we know from experience that just before great battles no speech can produce the result upon a soldier that proper music will. We must consider circumstances, for many times one art will influence where the other is wholly unavailable. We know that music deals with the beautiful, offers a consoling spirit to the afflicted, and within its realm nothing can overcome the hearer as much as true music.

Woman.

Displayed for all the rude world to behold,
A woman's beauty is a tender flower
That, fading quickly, soon begins to tire;
Her wit a brilliant gem of sparkling fire.
But woman's love is an alchemic power
To change man's dross of life to heavenly gold.

C. M. B. B.

Magazine Notes.

—*The Atlantic Monthly* in its sombre, serious way is particularly alive nowadays to questions of the hour. It is a literary magazine *par excellence* by tradition, doubtless, as much as by desire,—and it is also beginning to look into the fields of science, politics and sociology. The initial article in the March number considers Mr. Cleveland as a President from Prof. Woodrow Wilson's point of view. The author does not attempt to assign the ex-President to his place in the history of our politics; that he leaves to the historian of the future, but he calls Mr. Cleveland great. The Arbitration Treaty is well handled by Prof. John Fiske. "The Good and the Evil of Industrial Combination" is another paper of interest to the serious reader. To students in general we would recommend "The Rational Study of the Classics." It is a strong argument in favor of a study of the Greek and Roman authors. Prof. Gildersleeve continues his account of his sixty days in Greece, and Paul Leicester Ford's charming serial, "The Story of an Untold Love," in its present installment loses none of its interest. "Marigold-Michel" is a clever tale.

—With each issue of the *Chap-Book* it becomes evident that there is a decided improvement over the early "fad" publication, from which this review took its rise. The present number,—that for the first fortnight in March,—contains editorial paragraphs which are unqualified in their denunciation of the middlemen of literature. The methods of these literary agents are clearly set forth, and their uselessness to the young author sufficiently demonstrated. Gerald Stanley Lee, who is the author of several critical papers written with good judgment in a fascinating, epigrammatic style, contributes to the present *Chap-Book* a clever article wherein he contrasts two modern critics, Mr. I. Zangwill and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. Mr. Arthur Morrison's self-defence against the charge of exaggeration in his story, "A Child of the Jago," seems to be convincing and rather hard on his critic to boot. Mr. Henry James's "What Maisie Knew" moves on in its easy flow. The book-reviews are no less able than heretofore, which is saying a good deal; and the verse, though lacking much thought, is notable for its almost faultless technique. Kate Douglas Wiggin's "The Tale of a Self-Made Cat" is an example of what even a reputable writer will do to grind out copy.

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—The concert given last Tuesday in Washington Hall by the Mozart Quintette was not much of a success. Mr. Fredric Ingersoll, the violinist, who played here last year with a different troupe, was favorably received however. He is serious and energetic, but his chief claim to recognition depends on technique rather than on inspiration. The Quintette at times produced creditable music, and the soprano, Miss Adalyn von Trump, though her range was narrow, sang fairly well.

—Such meetings as are occasionally held in the Brownson reading-room to celebrate the birthdays of statesmen and heroes are worthy of the highest commendation, and reflect great credit upon those who arrange them and take part in them. As a rule, the speeches are good, while some are excellent; the music pleasantly fills in the intervals and the spirit displayed is most flattering to the men of Brownson Hall. Long-winded and sophomoric speeches are, of course, to be heard now and then, but there is evident beyond these defects an earnest desire to learn for oneself the art of public speaking, and to pay a tribute to the departed hero. The custom set by the gentlemen of Brownson Hall in this respect deserves unqualified praise.

Gregori's Last Work.

There is pathos in an unfinished work and in the thought that an undertaking can never be achieved. In reading "Weir of Hermiston" we are less affected by Archie's misfortune than we are by the fact that Stevenson can never tell us the rest of his great story. We read fragments of poems which existed for the most part in their author's imagination only, and we are strangely moved because the poet's thought to the end is irrevocably lost to us. Thus Death is a heedless destroyer.

Preserved among the historical collections at Notre Dame, with all the care of a priceless treasure, is a picture which was growing under the hand of a great artist when death arrested his brush. He was *our* artist, though he lived and died beneath the Italian sun. He is our artist still, though his brush has dropped forever from his hand; for here around us, in vestibule, in corridor, within and without the church which he beautified at the same time that he glorified his own name, everywhere we turn, we feel his undying spirit and see the results of his genius. This master was Luigi Gregori, who, eight months ago in Florence, succumbed to heart disease in the midst of a labor of love. He was engaged up to his last moments in painting some pictures for the Minims' chapel in St. Edward's Hall. These last proofs of his genius now occupy the places in St. Edward's Hall for which Gregori intended them.

Besides the unfinished painting there are five others. The first occupies the position of honor in St. Edward's Hall, being placed in the vestibule of that building and surrounded by the names of the Minims. Fit setting for such a gem. It is a picture of Christ, *Salvator Mundi*. Rays of divine grace, the saving light of the world, emanate from the places of His wounds, and His face bears an expression more benign than ever shone upon the face of man. The painter makes you feel with singular force the supernatural beauty of the Christ Face.

The second is a picture of St. Theresa in ecstasy. She sees a vision of St. Joseph, who bears on his right arm the Divine Infant and in his left hand the symbolic lily. The Babe looks down upon the holy nun and points to Its foster-father as though to intimate thereby that he would serve as mediator between creatures and Creator, like Jacob's son in the court of Pharaoh, whose answer was ever "Go to Joseph!"

The next painting represents St. Anne bending over the youthful form of her daughter, who holds an unrolled manuscript in her hands. The Blessed Virgin Mary is thus depicted as receiving from the model of mothers the instruction which was to fit her for her noble part in man's redemption.

The third is a picture of the great bishop and Doctor of the Church, St. Augustine, dressed in episcopal robes and holding his heart in his hand as if repeating, "Too late have I known Thee; too late have I loved Thee!" This is a striking picture, but it is far

The idea of the unfinished picture has been well embodied by one of the artist friends of the University in the painting which adorns the main corridor of St. Edward's Hall. It represents the apparition of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary, when He revealed to her His Sacred Heart and made known to her the blessings that flowed therefrom. He stands before the prostrate Sister all transfigured by the effulgence of divinity. His garment is open to disclose His Heart, which is at the same time burning with love for us and bleeding from the wounds we are inflicting there.



THE NATIVITY

surpassed in vividness and strength by the fourth of the group, which is a picture of St. Peter. Christ's first vicar is made to point with the index finger of his right hand toward Heaven and in his left he holds the keys of the celestial kingdom. This is typical of Gregori's power of characterization. The face is strong, the attitude resolute and admonishing. The fire of unswerving devotion flashes from his eyes, which seem to say, "Thou knowest, Lord, that I love Thee!"

Ineffable sadness is depicted in His countenance, and yet you can discern the sweetness and benignity with which He offers His Heart to mankind. Beneath this copy is the legend which Christ spoke to Blessed Margaret Mary when He requested her to reveal to all the devotion to the Sacred Heart: "Behold this Heart which has loved men so much." What strikes one most in these pictures is the coloring, which Gregori had developed to a marvellous degree. The Nativity, of which we give a pho-

tograph, is the greatest example of Gregori's skill in this line.

The unfinished picture shows in some degree the methods of the great artist. The figures are drawn upon the canvas and the color is put on as an experiment. You can see the chalk lines by which he corrected the drawing. Here he intended to improve upon the fall of a piece of drapery; there he drew a line or effaced one to accentuate a certain characteristic of the countenance. It was his friends' wish that his last effort should never be finished and their will is respected. It will ever remain the most beautiful and pathetic reminder of the great painter, who spent the best fifteen years of his life at Notre Dame; and when the Gregori Gallery is no longer an idea but a fact, not one of the hundreds of paintings and drawings that shall grace its walls, be it pastel or portrait, *genre* picture or miniature, not even the Nativity itself, will attract more attention than this last result of a genius that vanished prematurely.

J. B.

Various Things.

This is the motley-minded gentleman.—JACQUES.

I presume that every institution has certain peculiarities of custom that are bugbears in themselves, which are yet insufficient annoyances to merit destruction by their own prominence. Here, at Notre Dame, some such incubus is to be found in a tendency toward speech-making upon every possible occasion. The mania seems to be in the climate, for when a gathering of any kind occurs among the students, the slightest pretext imaginable is seized upon for a deluge of amateur oratory. Embryo Burkes and Henrys and Chauncey Depews are as numerous as office-seekers after a campaign, and, like the latter, they pounce upon the unwary from every point of vantage. It is, no doubt, a very laudable thing to become an adept at talking on one's feet; but the accepted habit of considering all sorts of gatherings as legitimate material to practise upon is going a little too far. Of course, at most of our meetings, especially those having to do with athletics, some one must take the floor, but whoever is talking should explain in terse, business-like diction what is before the house, and sit down. As it is, however, the bringing up of any subject is a signal for the bellows to get in working order, and one after

another, in apparently endless succession, the speakers inflict themselves upon their fellows with sophomoric floweriness and agonizing verbosity, all about things whose connection with the subject under consideration is entirely microscopic. As a rule, there is not even the excuse of a contest to justify these strange efforts.

If a good, substantial war does not result from the row in the Balkan states or the Spanish affair, we may come to the conclusion that war, outside of newspaper correspondents' "specials," is a thing of the past. Each nation seems to be so much afraid of every other nation that an eternal peace may be the result.

What is undoubtedly the most important event of the month on the stage took place Thursday night, when Minnie Maddern Fiske produced, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York, a dramatization of Thomas Hardy's novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The adaptation has been made by Lorimer Stoddard with Mrs. Fiske's aid; and if the work is such as these writers' abilities would lead us to expect, Hardy's strong book should result in an unqualified success as a drama. This "story of a pure woman" is a wonderful and curious creation, but filled at every point with the thrilling tragedy of life; and while not altogether pleasant or adapted to the uses of the traditional "young person," the qualities of strength and human interest are always pleasant. The creation of the rôle of Tess by Mrs. Fiske is a guarantee of strong artistic work, for although she is not an actress popular with the masses, she is justly credited with talent verging closely upon genius. That rather erratic man but sterling actor, Charles Coughlan, will be her principal support, and the result of the production may be watched for with interest. Mrs. Fiske is herself the author of some excellent dramatic works principally in the line of one-act plays. The romantic Fontenelle, which James O'Neill produced a few years ago, was from her pen.

The concert season in Washington Hall closed Tuesday in a blaze of glory? The quintette and soprano gave a very creditable amateur performance. But there were other features with weird and highly complex effects that we do not often have a chance to witness—thank Heaven!

SANS GENE.

Baseball.

The carpenters are still diligently working at the skylight in the gym, and it is thought that by hard work and studied disregard of orders they may possibly be able to finish it in time for commencement. Every day they saunter over to the gym, hold a council of war, pound in a couple of nails, and then wander over to Sorin Hall to make plans for the contemplated extension, while Captain Daly climbs up on the roof and anxiously examines the work with a microscope to see if there has been any advance in the work. But meanwhile the candidates for the Varsity get after the ball in the semi-darkness in a way that brings joy to every baseball enthusiast at the University. There has been a marked improvement in the past two weeks, and Ann Arbor will run up against a well-trained team when they come down here next month. As was predicted a short time ago, systematic training has developed a great many of the candidates into promising players. Marmon has surprised his friends by the excellent showing he has made, and Follen is proving that he has in him the making of a ball player. Hindel is improving day by day, as are Brown, Daly and many others. The more we watch the work of Sockalexis the more enthusiastic we grow over his playing. He gets after the ball the moment it leaves the bat, and handles it in a neat, clean style.

Gibson returned Monday night, and received an enthusiastic welcome. He is not using his arm much as yet, but will start into light training at once. It is thought that he will be in his old form in two or three weeks. On the pad Daly, Hindel and Sockalexis are making a showing which predicts many stolen bases to their credit during the coming season. Mr. Hering says that we have some of the best batters and base runners in the western college world, and that we ought to be able to out-bat any team we meet during the season.

Twice a week competitions are held in fielding and base-sliding. Mr. Hering has offered a bat and bat-bag to the one making the best record in competitions. The men are given twenty-one chances at each competition, and to make a point they must field the ball and get it to the first base-man within four seconds. Three competitions have already been held, and we give below the percentages made by the men. It does not show their relative strength

for the simple reason that only a few of the men have been at all of the competitions, and a few of the best players have had off days. All the players are not represented on the list for some of them have not been present at a single competition so far, but it is hoped that they will turn out better in the future: Medley, 720; Shillington, 897; Murphy, 758; Dreher, 920; Chassaing, 880; Gilmartin, 760; Follen, 933; Hesse, 960; Duperier, 800; McNichols, 880; O'Shaughnessey, 860; McDonald, 760; Martin, 820; Grady, 840; Marmon, 800; Sockalexis, 960; Fleming, 880; O'Brien, 800; Daly, 940; Hindle, 880.

In the competition last Thursday, Daly, Chassaing, Martin and Sockalexis were the highest, and had a contest for first place. Martin dropped out first and was followed by Chassaing. Daly and Sockalexis battled it out together, but though they were obliged to handle almost every kind of a ball neither had much advantage over the other. They made a number of brilliant plays, and the contest was nearly as exciting as a regular game of ball. Daly was injured finally, and the contest was declared a draw.

 Personals.

—Mrs. Shillington and daughter, of Chicago, were very welcome guests during the celebrations of last week.

—Mrs. Krug and her son George, of Dayton, Ohio, delighted their numerous friends at Notre Dame by a visit last week.

—Miss N. Devine, of Chicago, recently visited her brother Marco, of Carroll Hall. Miss Devine has many friends at the University, who are always pleased to see her.

—Mr. Rees, of the Chicago post office, accompanied by his little daughter, recently visited his son Harry, of the Minim Department, and his daughter of St. Mary's Academy.

—Mr. Charles T. Cavanagh, A. B., '91, and Mr. Thomas A. Dillon, '71, spent last Sunday with T. Cavanagh of Sorin Hall. Mr. Cavanagh was on his way home after a trip through Europe, and was unable to pass by his *Alma Mater* without paying her a visit. The visit of the gentlemen, though very brief, was greatly enjoyed by their friends at the University.

—Among the most welcome guests at the University last week were Miss Hunt, Miss Galvin, Miss Haetz, and the Misses Beck, of Chicago, and Miss Tormey, of Niles, Mich., all of whom were former pupils or graduates of St. Mary's Academy. Their many friends at Notre Dame trust that the young ladies will repeat their visit before Commencement.

Local Items.

—FOUND: Fountain pen. Inquire of A. Kasper.

—The class in English Literature has begun the study of oratory.

—LOST.—A cuff and gold-link cuff-button. Finder please return to room 25, Sorin Hall.

—Edward Gilmartin, Brownson Hall, has been called to his home in Fort Wayne owing to the serious illness of his brother.

—LOST.—A two-dollar bill; finder please return to Students' Office. Also a cuff and link cuff-button; return to Wm. R. Miller, Brownson Hall.

—Several members of the faculty were recipients of unique Washington birthday badges, gifts of Edward R. Walsh, manager of the Union News Company, Chicago.

—It is rumored that "he" has decided to swear off smoking during the Lenten season. Whether this agreeable intention was accomplished through persuasion, or whether it is voluntary is a question. The former, however, appears the more probable. At any rate, Brownsonites are rejoicing.

—The *Fort Wayne Morning Journal* (Wednesday) speaks in high terms of our basket-ball team and the prospects of a return game to be played on the 18th. The paper gives the name of the Fort Wayne club as "Y. W. C. A." This must be a mistake, as our boys are too shy, or too gallant, to play against the Y. W. C. A.

—Last week, Frank Dukette, Brownson Hall, left for his home in Mendon, Mich., feeling very ill. Those who have heard from him recently say that his condition is not improved and that he will not be able to return to Notre Dame this term. Frank is well liked by the students, and his absence will be greatly regretted.

—The St. Joseph Athletic Association held a meeting last Thursday for the election of officers for the baseball season with the following result: President, Chas. Benson; Vice-President, James Fenton; Treasurer, Rufus Jones. Jones was also elected captain of the Specials, and James Lindsey captain of the Anti-Specials. The St. Joseph Specials expect to surpass their standard during the coming season.

—Immediately after the basket-ball game between the Varsity Five and the Fort Wayne Y. M. C. A. last week, one of the Fort Wayne students telegraphed to a young lady friend, announcing the victory of the Varsity. The telegram was received by the young lady during a meeting of a local social society. Filled with patriotism for Notre Dame, the girls gathered around the instrument and, after announcing the victory, gave the college yell in tones demonstrative of their delight.

—Now that the Lenten season is here, several students have wisely decided to deny them-

selves many little pleasures. A few of these boys are: Charles Niezer, who has resolved to cease teasing his juvenile neighbor, John Landers; "Peggy" Stearns, who is going to stop running around the gym like a wild-man; Frank O'Shaughnessy, who is going to shift "Honey Dew" and smoke poor cigars as a penance; Peter Duffy, who has resolved to pun no more; and Joe Casey, who intends to wear his necktie where it belongs.

—The following promotions and assignments are hereby made to take effect at once: Cadet S. Dixon to be Captain of Company B; Second Lieut. E. L. Dugas to be Captain of Company C; First Serg't C. D. Wells to be Second Lieut. vice E. L. Dugas promoted; Serg't F. Kasper to be First Serg't vice C. D. Wells promoted; Second Corporal J. Taylor to be Serg't. The regular drill will be on Sundays at 10 a. m. sharp, and on Thursdays at 9 a. m. till further orders. Cadets reported must call at office immediately after drill. By order of Commandant, W. B. Weaver, Cadet Captain.

—Exercises commemorative of the life of Robert Emmett were held in the Brownson reading-room Thursday afternoon on the occasion of the anniversary of the birth of the illustrious Irish patriot. Brilliant addresses were delivered by C. M. B. Bryan, C. M. Niezer and L. C. M. Reed. W. W. O'Brien effectively read the last speech of Robert Emmett, delivered by him before receiving his sentence. A. Roy Crawford, Felix Bouwens and P. O'Brien each rendered a pleasing vocal selection, and E. Guilbert played a piano solo. The Pim Mandolin Club discoursed several popular airs during the entertainment.

—There was a horse and cutter missing for a short time last week, and the blame for the temporary steal was laid on "Fatty" and his friend. In vain did poor "Fatty" make protestations of honesty and ignorance. No one, strange to tell, was disposed to credit his story, until by a lucky thought he went about trying to prove an alibi. "I was on the campus at the time of the robbery," he said, "and here is my witness," and forthwith he produced Curry, whom he held by the coat-collar with one hand securely grasping the trousers' bottom of the said Curry. Witness deposed as followeth: "'Fatty' has said true. At the time in question he was standing between me and the sun on the campus. I was lying on a bench sleeping quietly and protected from the glare of the sun by my huge friend. In fact, our side of the gym was in deep shadow, for 'Fatty' is mighty of bulk. Now, if 'Fatty' kept the sun off me at that time he couldn't have taken the horse." The evidence of Curry was accepted, and "Fatty" was released from custody.

—Carroll and Sorin Halls were the basket-ball teams scheduled to play on the afternoon of February 28; but as several of the Sorin men were unable to come out the Brownson team

played instead. This was the first appearance of Sockalexix at Notre Dame as a basket-ball player. He did not seem to know the fine points of the game so well as some of the other men, but he made a good showing, nevertheless. The Brownson men did not play with their old-time snap. Team work was sadly lacking, and the throws from the field were unusually very poor attempts. Cornell distinguished himself again by adding to his already long list of field goals. The game was played in a gentlemanly manner, and was the first and only one in which no fouls were made.

CARROLL HALL.				
	G's from Field	G's from	Fouls	Fouls.
Naughton	0	0	0	0
Cornell	5	0	0	0
Burns	1	0	0	0
Fennessey	0	0	0	0
Herron	0	0	0	0
Total	6	0	0	0

Points scored, 14 (Sockalexix accidentally knocked the ball into Carroll's basket and thus scored two points for his opponents).

BROWNSON HALL.				
	G's from Field	G's from	Fouls	Fouls.
Sockalexix	0	0	0	0
Shillington	0	0	0	0
Donovan	1	0	0	0
Martin	0	0	0	0
Fox	0	0	0	0
O'Shaughnessy (sub.)	0	0	0	0
McCarrick (sub.)	0	0	0	0
Total	1	0	0	0

Points scored, 2. Referee, Gerardi; Umpire, Father Murphy: Two fifteen-minute halves.

Manager Murphy expected to have a game of basket-ball in the Carroll "gym" on Wednesday night with a team from the Commercial Athletic Club of South Bend; but as our neighbors were unable to come a game was played between the Carrolls and a Special composed of players from Brownson and Sorin Halls. The Carroll team literally ran away from its opponents. In two fifteen-minute halves Carroll managed to score twenty-nine points, and the Special team were able to score only eight. The men on the Special team had had no practice together, and this is principally the cause of their poor showing. The game was a good proof of the value of team work. The attendance was much poorer than usual, probably because of the non-appearance of the C. A. C. team. The students in the various Halls, however, must not let their enthusiasm become cold. If you find it impossible to attend the games, at least buy a ticket. The price is so small that it will not "break" any one.

CARROLL HALL.				
	G's from Field	G's from	Fouls	Fouls.
J. Naughton	3	0	0	0
Fennessey	2	0	0	0
Burns	3	0	0	0
Herron	0	0	0	0
Cornell	6	0	0	0
Total	14	0	0	0

Total number of points scored, 29.

SPECIAL.				
	G's from Field	G's from	Fouls	Fouls.
Steiner	0	0	0	0
Geohagan	0	0	0	0
MacDonald	0	0	0	1
Martin	0	0	0	0
Shillington	3	0	0	2
O'Shaughnessy (sub.)	0	0	0	1

Total number of points scored, 8; Referee, Gerardi; Umpire, D. P. Murphy. Two fifteen-minute halves.

—There is a "bran-new" fire-box painted a beautiful red attached to the dynamo house. It has its number marked plainly on its bosom, so there is no danger of its weekly "wash" going astray. This fire-box is warranted to resist all action by fire. It is non-ignitable. The maddest fire-bug could not set it on fire if he tried for thirty-years, two months, four hours and seventeen minutes. It is good to be put to sleep by the thought that there is a non-ignitable, unburnable, beautiful red fire-box with its number on its bosom, so that its weekly "wash" can not go astray on the grounds. The fire-laddies are going to have a new house. They have several houses every Thursday, for when the fire-laddies get into a house they have it—flooded with water and full of loud shouts. It was thought that when they had the main building they had enough; but they introduced some old barrels filled with defunct water drawn from sauer-kraut, and then professors and students had it—that is, an atmosphere that brought back memories of a cemetery that had been off the census list for three centuries and a half. The introduction of those ancient barrels made the main building too small, and the fire-laddies had a new house built. It is a large house, and it is away off in the back lot near the oil-tank. So the fire-laddies are hunting up some more old barrels and more deceased water, for though they have taken those barrels from the main building, the place is still too large in the new house. Bids as to an easy way of effectually filling that new house in case a sufficient number of aged barrels be not obtained will be received at this office next week. The fire marshal reserves to himself the right to reject any and all barrels.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSES.

Church History—Messrs. McDonough, F. O'Malley, E. A. Delaney, R. O'Malley, F. J. O'Hara, W. M. Geohagan; *Advanced Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. Shiels, Cornell, Fennessey, Ward, Dukette, Farrell, McGinnis; *Moral Philosophy*—Messrs. Bryan, Reilly; *Logic*—Messrs. W. Sheehan, W. Fagan; *Latin*—Messrs. Ragan, J. Barry, Roy, Byrne, Farrell, Fennessey, Moynihan, E. Long, McGinnis; *Greek*—Messrs. De Lorimier, Nieuwland, J. Farrell, H. Gallagher, Byrne, Trahey, Ragan, J. Barry, T. Reilly, Reardon; *Astronomy*—F. O'Hara; *Civil Engineering*—F. O'Hara; *Descriptive Geometry*—Messrs. Arce, Delaney,

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